

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS'
MILLENNIAL STAR

ESTABLISHED IN 1840

“When we look out upon this beautiful world and behold the splendour of the starry heavens, the different forms and colours of the clouds, the unfolding of the leaves, the blossoms and the flowers and all nature bursting into life, let us lift up our souls in grateful adoration to God, that He has so beautifully and inimitably adorned His great creation work.”—RULON S. WELLS.

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THE NEED OF THE HOUR

ELDER BRYANT S. HINCKLEY

PRESIDENT OF THE LIBERTY STAKE

MY brethren and sisters and friends, one cannot come to this task without some emotion. It can never become a commonplace responsibility to speak in this historic tabernacle. The atmosphere that pervades this great auditorium is different from that which pervades the ordinary chapel. This tabernacle is not only unique in its design and extraordinary in its construction, but it is renowned the world over as a place of worship. The men who designed it, who directed its construction, the workmen who laid its foundation and reared its superstructure, are gone. This great edifice speaks of the past—we reverently hope that it will be preserved for future generations.

And continuing that thought one is reminded of the log cabin which stands in the southeast corner of this square and which is protected from the storms and against the curiosity of visitors—a silent testimony of the past. Hanging near the door of that cabin is a tablet on which is inscribed in substance these words:

The oldest house in Utah, erected in 1847, moved onto this block in 1912, occupied by Captain Stansbury when he made the original survey of the land adjacent to this city.

The oldest house in Utah. Eighty years ago there were a good many houses of that type. Now there are very few, if any. The hands that felled the trees, notched the logs and laid them up, that built the quaint little fireplace and hung the doors, were

long ago folded. No one crosses the threshold now but the caretaker. It once echoed to the laughter of children and the voice of prayer. It is silent now.

The men who built the first houses were rugged, but gentlemen of fine extraction, of heroic mould. The women who made the first homes were in all respects their equal. Somehow they provided at the fireside the atmosphere in which faith grew and men are developed. The people of that generation have gone. They had their problems, they met and solved them. Most of their problems were met with their hands. They fenced the fields, cleared them, plowed them, sowed them and harvested the meager harvest. They carried on a struggle against its want and barbarism and for civilization. Many of those men had very little of the education symbolized by the three R's. My father had very little of it. He went to school a very few days in his life, but in common with your fathers and the men of his day he was able to solve, satisfactorily I think, the problems which came to him. And this is the significant fact, that emerging out of it all were fine individual men, men of impregnable character. They are gone and so are their problems.

We have our problems, very difficult, very different from theirs. We live in a day and in a land of plenty, but we have much suffering.

We have in our hearts the same hope and in our veins the same blood, and we will succeed in solving our problems.

DISTRIBUTION—MOST DIFFICULT PROBLEM

We live in a day of plenty and in a land of plenty, but to make a righteous distribution of that plenty seems an amazing problem.

I do not like to use the word depression, but I think I will have to, and say that you are living in the greatest depression that civilization ever saw, and everybody is asking two questions at least: How are we going to get out of it? And what are we going to get out of it?

If you were to submit that first question to ten men, the sanest and best thinkers that you know, you would probably receive ten different answers. We do not know. When one looks over the world and discovers the confusion that seems to be in the minds of leaders, I think he is confirmed in the statements made by one of the prophets:

The wisdom of their wise men shall perish, and the understanding of their prudent men shall be hid.

We do not know how we will get out of it. The encouraging thing is that everybody is thinking about it, and that is the first step. In the past, that has been the preface to the solution. Somehow we will emerge. We do not know just how, but we will come out of it. Individually, I have a settled faith in the

fortitude and resourcefulness of the people to solve this problem, no matter how difficult and intricate it may be.

In a large way we hope that a better order of things will emerge. We believe that it will, but it is very evident to one who thinks but superficially, that in any permanent solution the individual must be given preference over any material interests, there can come no solution unless one gives to man the first place in the scheme.

I have taken for my text: "If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small." (Proverbs 24:10.)

I said that in any scheme we are blind, unless we see that in the human plan nothing is worth the making if it does not make the man.

Now to come to the second question: What are we going to get out of this condition? With some confidence we can address ourselves to this question. The answer to it involves largely our philosophy of life, our understanding of life's meaning. These are momentous questions which the religion of the Latter-day Saints answer. Many of you people have never experienced anything quite comparable to the experiences through which you are now passing, and this is so with reference to the world. People who thought they were amply provided for, who looked forward with composure and confidence to the future, find that their dependence has gone, with little hope of any restoration. Men who have never been without employment, who have always been able to earn an ample living for themselves and their dependents, find their jobs are gone, and perhaps forever.

I suppose there are members of the Church who are questioning seriously the validity of their faith. There are people who have scrupulously paid their tithing who have lost their money. Sometime ago a brother speaking in a Fast meeting, at which I was present, said, in substance, this:

JOINED CHURCH THIRTY YEARS AGO

More than thirty years ago I joined the Church in the old country, and came to this country. I was comfortably situated over there, but since coming here I have a hard time. I seem to be a misfit. My Bishop will tell you that I have been reasonably faithful in the payment of my tithing and in attending my meetings. I am an old man, my health is gone, my job is gone, and I am not able to find work that I can do. I am a failure.

And he said that with a great deal of emotion. That man was in doubt as to the wisdom of joining the Church, and he said, "I do not know whether I can hold on or not."

He came to see me and I listened to his story, and it was a sad one. I asked him if when he joined the Church he thought he would always be well, that he would always have plenty, that he would be free from problems; and I said to him:

If that was what was in your mind when you joined the Church, you will not stick. Any conversion through a motive of that kind will not survive the test. You are sure to be disillusioned. But, on the other hand, do you seriously think you are a failure because you are financially poor? Are you a failure because you have lost your job? Is every man out of employment a failure? Is every poor man a failure? Is every man who has not accumulated a competence to be written down as a failure, and is every man who has a competence declared a success? What do you think of the words of the Master, "Foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head." Surely money is not the standard by which to judge the value of men. Some of the greatest men the world has ever known, some of the finest minds that have ever adorned the world were found among men who were not financially great. A man may be surrounded by wealth and still be in dire poverty.

When is a Latter-day Saint a failure? A Latter-day Saint is a failure when he forsakes his ideals, when he deserts the truth, when he throws down the standards of his Church, and not until then.

There was a prominent Elder in one of our wards, a faithful man, who was really a spiritual leader and who had always been able to make a good living. He lost his job, he was forced to do anything he could do. Struggle as he would, he could only get enough for the meagerest living. Men in his quorum paid more in tithing than he could earn. They saw him in want, he felt, when they were in plenty. This was a trial to him. He walked until his feet were sore seeking employment—and anyone who has gone through that experience has a sympathetic understanding of exactly how a man feels who is reduced to that condition, and under no other experiences or circumstances can he fully sympathize. After all we only know things by experience, and one of the primary objects of our existence is to gain experience. That is plain "Mormon" doctrine. We cannot escape this depression. We are in it. We must face it. We must make the most of it. It will make us stronger, or it will make us weaker. If we face it with valor and faith and fortitude we will emerge stronger. If we are competent, and have plenty and help others, we will be stronger, richer in experience and in spirit.

MISFORTUNE DOES NOT MEAN SIN

At one time I thought if a man was overtaken by trouble and misfortune that he had sinned, and that his suffering was a manifestation of the disfavour of the Almighty. I do not believe that now. Is it not true that men who have stood highest in the confidence of the Almighty have waded through sorrow and trouble to their very lips? When people are baptized into the Church they are given no guarantee that they will be sheltered from every wind that blows, that they will be immunized against

sorrow—none of this. They will have experiences and problems just as other men have, but they should be a little better fortified to meet them.

Now that brings us squarely to the issue. Why is the world made hard? Why are we compelled to battle against odds? What are the uses of adversity? The answer to these questions can best be found by propounding other questions, and those questions reveal our understanding of life.

What is the object of man's existence here? What is the most profitable life? I think we are agreed that the ultimate object of all individual and all social endeavour (I wish I knew how to accent that) is man's growth in character, and that the supreme gain of the world must manifest itself in character development. As I understand it, the fundamental objective of religion—the primary purpose of education is to build character in men. The attainment of a noble, useful, beautiful life, which is the best expression of a sound, sweet character, requires in the first place the development of rugged virtues; requires persistent effort, the steady pursuit of high and fixed purposes—patience, sympathy, self-discipline, heroic endeavour and sacrificial devotion to great ideals. All of these are necessary in the building of character. Character is not a hothouse plant, it is a "hardy plant that thrives best where the north wind is tempered with the sunshine."

"Adversity has a date with every man," some philosopher has said, "he may forget it, but she never does." In this world these things seem necessary. It takes rough seas to make good sailors. If the harsh experiences of the centuries teach anything, they teach that men are not made by easy processes. Without the overcoming of obstacles, life would be flat and unprofitable, and great quality in character would be impossible. "Who would take adversity from man? He who banishes hardship, banishes hardihood; and out of the same door with calamity walk courage, fortitude, triumph, faith and sacrificial love." The building of a strong life may seem simple on the surface, but the depth, the intensity, the duration of the struggle is not always revealed on the surface. This struggle determines not only the quality of one's thinking, but the strength and fiber of his very soul.

CHARACTER THE PRODUCT OF EXPERIENCE

Our character is the product of our experience and our reaction to those experiences. As I have said, anything that discourages patience, that undermines self-control, that diminishes endeavour, that enfeebles the desire to do great and heroic deeds will have a detrimental effect on character. On the other hand, anything that stimulates endeavour, inspires service, self-forgetfulness, self-discipline, loyalty to great causes will have a direct and beneficial effect on character.

The ultimate value of any experience to you or to me is

measured by this standard—the experience that leaves behind the largest personality, the finest character, is the best experience, and these are not the easiest experiences. Many times the experiences that have meant most to us, have been those that sounded the very depths of our soul. The places that shine brightest in our memory, are places where we have fought our hardest battles and won. There is a supreme satisfaction in overcoming, a satisfaction that can come from no other source.

You will recall the experience of the Master as recorded in Matthew, fourth chapter. After Satan had tempted the Saviour, Matthew makes this record :

Then saith Jesus unto him, Get thee hence, Satan : for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve.

Then the devil leaveth him, and, behold, angels came and ministered unto him.

THE MINISTRATION OF ANGELS

Perhaps there is not in the sound of my voice a single individual who has ever seen an angel. Few people in all the world have. But no person has ever fought a great and victorious battle against evil and has risen triumphant over strong temptation, without experiencing in a degree the ministration of angels described by Matthew. There comes to each of us a sweet and silent satisfaction, when we do what we know is right. To my way of thinking this is the most satisfying evidence of the moral order of the universe. If you yield to temptation, if you weaken in the battle, if you deviate from what you know to be right, the world may know nothing about it, they may applaud you, but your conscience hisses you and you suffer certain self-scorn. The world may applaud you, and still your conscience upbraids you.

I should like to read from Matthew, seventh chapter, 24th and 25th verses :

Therefore whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock :

And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not; for it was founded upon a rock.

Does the Master mean that if a man is wise and obedient, the storm will not beat upon his house? That the floods will not come? No. Not at all. But that they will come, and they will beat upon his house, but his house will not fall.

When are we going to get out of it? What are we going to get out of it? No one knows. We only know that beneath the turmoil, the trouble and disturbance through which we are passing, is the hand of a beneficent Creator whose declared purpose is to

bring "to pass the immortality and eternal life of man," and His purposes will not be thwarted.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs
And works His sovereign will.

What each of us, individually, will get out of this experience, depends largely upon our faith and our attitude of mind.

I read from Job, thirty-eighth chapter:

Then the Lord answered Job out of the whirlwind, and said, . . .

Gird up now thy loins like a man; for I will demand of thee, and answer thou me.

Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? . . .
When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy?

The clear inference of this poetic passage is that in that distant day, we saw in perspective what an experience here on earth meant to us. We may have seen in outline some of the vicissitudes, the difficulties, the sorrows it would involve. Perhaps we knew that it meant separation and death, but notwithstanding all that, we shouted for joy at the prospect of coming. Now our past is forgotten, and our future is shut off—hidden from our mortal eyes, and we are left alone, compelled to walk by faith; and we sometimes get discouraged, we wonder if we are forgotten, if we are forsaken.

Do you remember that Job was declared to be a "a perfect and an upright man," but he was driven to the point of desperation. However, be it eternally said to his credit, that in the depths of his tribulation he was able to say, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust him." This is the finest expression of loyalty and faith that was ever put into words.

I cannot believe that there is or ever will be a complete, permanent and final solution to this great problem, that does not involve the adoption of the plan given to the world by the "Prince of Peace," restored to this dispensation through the Prophet Joseph. And there is no influence in the world that will fortify and sustain men and women in their battle with the stern and bitter vicissitudes of life, like the spirit of the Master.

The generation that built the first houses met their problems and solved them, fought their battles and won them. I say, as I said in the beginning, we have the same blood in our veins, the same hope in our hearts, and with the same faith, backed with the same fortitude and rugged endeavour, we will solve our problems.

God help us to do it, I pray in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.—
(Address delivered in the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, Utah, U. S. A., January 29th, 1933.)

THURSDAY, MARCH 16, 1933

EDITORIAL

THE PLACE OF JOSEPH SMITH

SECTION 135 of the Book of Doctrine and Covenants, an account of the martyrdom of Joseph and Hyrum Smith, makes the statement that

Joseph Smith, the Prophet and Seer of the Lord, has done more, save Jesus only, for the salvation of men in this world, than any other man who ever lived in it.

That means, in other words, that Joseph Smith has done more on earth to make salvation available or possible to all men than has any other man.

The truth of this declaration lies in the nature of Joseph Smith's earthly mission or stewardship, rather than in his performance of it. Joseph Smith was commissioned to establish the Church and Kingdom on earth for the last time, never to be thrown down again. He was given authority to exercise every power granted throughout the world's history by the Lord for the salvation of mankind. He was directed to bring together the many Gospel principles that had been revealed throughout the ages, and to set them in their proper places in the great plan of salvation, for the benefit of man. To him was given the power to officiate for the dead as well as for the living, thus making it possible for the repentant dead—all men—to enter into the glory of the Lord. The visions of heaven were opened before him and things not shown since before the foundations of the earth were laid, were revealed to him. He was made the last great restorer, for all the world of Gospel knowledge and authority; and he was placed at the head of the dispensation of the fulness of times. He was the preparer for the second coming of the Lord.

No prophet of former days had been placed under such wide authority and responsibility. Each of the ancient prophets had been given his task; but to the latter-day prophet was given the duty of restoring all past gifts, for the latter-day purposes of the Lord. Consequently, the mission of the latter-day prophet is greater than that placed upon any of the former-day prophets.

The missions of men differ widely. Some are called to serve in the morning, others in the evening of time; some to humble, others to mighty labours. The man who fills his mission, high or humble, whatever it may be, to the best of his ability, is acceptable and will receive the Lord's approval and the welcomed greeting, "Well done."

Joseph Smith acquitted himself nobly of his earthly mission. He laid down his life for the cause of human salvation. He will find his place with the foremost of the sons of heaven.

The Prophet Joseph Smith has pictured briefly the events of the coming day. When the earth work is finished, Jesus Christ, the Mediator between God and man, the Redeemer of man, and the personage to whom the concerns of earth, from first to last, have been committed, will present the earth's inhabitants, and the results of man's sojourn on earth, to the Father, the God of Heaven, for His approval and blessing. Before that great and final occasion, all who have stood at the head of the different dispensations will present their labours to Adam, the father of the race, who in turn will present them to Jesus Christ. At the last great judgment, Adam will stand next to Jesus Christ, then will come Noah, who stands next to Adam in the authority of the Priesthood, followed by those who have faithfully striven to perform their missions as heads of dispensations. In that mighty company, as one who magnified his mission and was willing to serve with his might, will stand Joseph Smith.—W.

REMEMBERED FOR OUR SACRIFICES

ENQUIRIES for literature regarding the doctrines of the Church and the history of the hardships and persecutions attending the establishment of "Mormonism" a century ago, are becoming of daily occurrence, with words of grateful appreciation from the enquirers after truth. As an example of the letters received, we publish the following communication from one of the many who affirm a sincere interest in their quest, and who are impressed with the high type of representatives the Church is sending into the world to proclaim the "Gospel of the Kingdom." The letter speaks for itself, and is as follows:

I hasten to thank you for your kindness in sending me a copy of *The Story of Mormonism*. As a story it is an excellent account of a band of people who suffered persecution and privation, and ranks at least equal to the account of the sufferings of the early Christian martyrs.

Without admitting at this stage that their beliefs were based on firm ground, one must admire and respect them for the sacrifices they made rather than deny their faith. Certainly to me the story of the Children of Israel ranks no higher.

I absorbed the story with very mixed feelings. The American people have a reputation for trying anything new at least once. It is very clear that the forerunners of your Church as it is known to-day did not get even a shadow of a fair hearing. The history of the British nation is not free from blemishes, and yet we boast a love of fair play. Your early Churchmen did not get that. Despite the hardships, the pioneer army must have been wonderfully well disciplined—not a discipline of fear—but of brotherly love, and trust in their leaders. The true account

of the fight is not well known, and it will need a great effort to overcome the prejudice of false stories circulated years ago and handed down from father to son. There is an old saying, "Give a dog a bad name and you will hang him." While undoubtedly you will not now suffer the physical hardships of your predecessors, you will need to use all your brains, culture and perseverance to win through.

I have met, I think, four of the Church workers, and this much is apparent, that if "Mormonism" can produce young men of such fine character and manifest sincerity, then that in itself ought to be sufficient answer to any who think that your creed is of evil origin or that you are not working for the welfare of mankind in this world with a view to their welfare in the next.

I hope to pass on to you my views on the "Philosophy of 'Mormonism'" when I have read a little more. For now I will retain my opinion until I can claim for them a greater degree of maturity, and until I have read further.

Thus the ungrudging admiration of another truth-seeker has been won. We await with interest the results of his further exploration into the mine of eternal realities revealed by the Lord in this dispensation. Without exception an unbiased and sincere investigator always finds treasures of priceless value.—
JAMES H. WALLIS.

OLDEST LIVING "STAR" SUBSCRIBER

WE cannot say for certain, but we feel pretty safe in stating, after going over our subscription lists, that Brother Samuel W. Weston, of Deseret, Utah, holds the record for being the oldest living, continuous reader of the *Star*. If we are not correct, we would be glad to be informed, for we feel sure our readers would enjoy knowing the fact, besides being of historical value.

We take pleasure in publishing Brother Weston's letter, as it contains the statement that he has been a faithful member of the Church for over seventy-eight years, during which time he has seen nothing to turn him from the Gospel. Would that all saints could live to a good old age, with such a faithful testimony. Here is his letter, which was written in his own handwriting, firm and legible:

DR. JOHN A. WIDTSON

Dear Brother:

I felt I must write and tell you that I receive the *Star* regularly every week, and read it from cover to cover, and enjoy it very much. I have been a member of the Church seventy-eight years, the 3rd of last December, and was a reader of the *Star* even before that time. I am now in my ninetieth year, and have never seen anything to turn me away from the Gospel. I was baptized in Birmingham, England, December 3rd, 1854, and was eleven years old the following day. My parents joined the Church before that.

I have been a reader of the *Star* very many years, and I am possibly the oldest reader of the *Star* alive. I emigrated to Utah in 1861, and drove an ox team across the plains in Captain Homer Duncan's company. I have passed through many trials and hardships, but have endured them, and "hope to be able to endure all things," and be faithful to the end. I am grateful for the *Star*.

God bless you and yours.

Your brother
SAMUEL W. WESTON.

PATRIARCHAL BLESSING FULFILLED

ELDER WESTON N. NORDGREN

BEHOLD, I will send you Elijah the prophet . . . and he shall turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the hearts of the children to their fathers. (Malachi 4: 5, 6.)

Life has become very sweet to Kenneth D. Frink, bandsman with the Sixteenth Infantry, at Fort Jay, New York, since two humble "Mormon" missionaries visited Fort Kamehameha, in the territory of Hawaii, near Christmas, 1930, with their message of cheer.

Mr. Frink was born as Clarence Johnson, at Gravesend, Long Island, February 14th, 1900, the ninth child of John Stephen and Evalena Meyer Johnson. His mother died ten days after giving him birth, and as his father had a large family to provide for, with "only Aunt Sue to care for us," he says, Clarence was adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Rollin R. Frink. Thus he became "Kenneth D. Frink," by which name he is now known.

In his own words he tells us what has happened since his birth and adoption, when his real name was unknown to him, as were the names and homes of his true father, his brothers and sisters:

My early childhood was spent in the small town of Kent, Connecticut. There I attended the grade school, had the usual ups and downs of all boys, and in my twelfth year my foster father died, leaving mother, sister and myself in not too happy circumstances.

When I was fourteen, Father Sill of Kent School offered me the position of organist for the school, in payment for tuition. The woman who gave me lessons on the piano and organ also continued to give her services free for a year or so in memory of father. Shortly afterward, I joined the Congregational Church, because the pastor, a firm friend of the family, felt it would please mother very much.

Then the chance to enter the Austin Organ company of Hartford



came my way. I remained in Hartford until the World War hurt business, when I got a job as an elevator boy in the American Brass company offices at Waterbury, Connecticut.

As I wrote a good hand, the superintendent of the machine shop used me in making the inventory, and shortly I found myself a time-keeper. More and more of the men left for service abroad, and within a year I was the right-hand man of the accountant. Then I obtained in addition the work of organist for the "supper hours" in a movie house, and started putting money in the bank.

Mother then decided she wanted a home up in Kent, so my money went into the building of a little cottage. This rather discouraged me, and at the same time the patriotic fever hit me, as I was seventeen. I almost enlisted in the navy three times, but was sent back to the munition factory office every time. Once I was almost certain of getting in the navy, but there were too many older boys applying, beating the draft. I remember how tickled I was when I turned eighteen, and could register as a potential soldier at last. But the World War was over before I had a chance to get into action.

About this time I suffered an attack of appendicitis, and for the next eight months was ill in a hospital. When I was released, I found it very hard work to earn my expenses and pay the debts I owed.

To this end I decided to join a friend in Boston and learn about building pianos. Later, the following spring, we went to New York, feeling that men of our worth (?) would do better in the big city. I got along fairly well, but my friend did not, and he became very restless, which made me uneasy also.

While walking down Broadway one beautiful spring day, an army sergeant talked us into going to Panama; but when we arrived at Whitehall Street, another and better talker changed our minds, and so we went up to West Point and became nursemaids to the horses in the Field Artillery. The work and confining routine disagreed with both of us, but I was the first to save up enough money to buy my way out. However, after I obtained my liberty, I found I missed the army life and companionship very much; so three months later found me again in the service, and on my way to Hawaii.

When I arrived, I decided that the band would suit me much better than soldiering, so I enjoyed myself in that line of work. At the end of three years I returned to Waterbury, Connecticut, vowing never to go near the army again.

The confinement of office work, however, made me restless again. Having known Hawaii, I was not satisfied with any other place. So back I went for another three years. This time I joined a band close to Honolulu.

It was in my last year there that Elders Paul K. Dehlin and Davis Bartholomew came to Fort Kamehameha to preach "Mor-

monism." I found them to be "regular fellows." I liked their ideas and ideals, and was greatly surprised to find that the "Mormons" were real Christians.

Then followed one grand time of studying *The Book of Mormon*, *The Articles of Faith*, *The Pearl of Great Price*, and other books pertaining to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. I learned much from these Church works, but the greatest surprise and help to me was the lives the missionaries lived, and their desire to help and teach me. I took a great deal of their time; and even the Mission President and his family treated me as one of them. In a few months I got up enough courage to request baptism. Elder Bartholomew baptized me.

On my return to the United States I took a bus trip to the East Coast. I stayed a few days in Salt Lake City, Utah, to meet old friends, and to obtain a patriarchal blessing under the hands of Presiding Patriarch Hyrum G. Smith. Among other things, I was promised in my blessing that I should know my kin and be reunited with them in the Lord. It was also promised me that my genealogies should be given me. Also, that I would be able to compile and collect more data along this line.

As work was scarce in the East, I decided to stay in the Army, as near my people as possible. There I obtained from Brooklyn Department of Health a photostatic copy of my birth certificate which gave my own father's and mother's names and ages. You can imagine how tickled I was to know that much.

Upon reaching New York my first concern was the genealogy of the Frinks, and great was my success. However, there was no heir for this line, so the work is yet at a standstill. I felt that perhaps the Lord had more records for me to discover, and had chosen this means to save my wasted effort. There was no dissatisfaction on my part: just a human desire to finish what I had begun.

However, the door of genealogy was opened to me at Fort Jay, near New York City. I found the local mission branch at hand, also the headquarters of the Eastern States Mission. I was happy indeed; and greatly rejoiced when the Manhattan Branch started a class in genealogy. There I obtained much help in my work.

Early in January of 1932, I was inspired to insert an advertisement in the *Western Story Magazine*, stating that Clarence Johnson would appreciate hearing from his father, or from his brothers. It brought results.

The band returned from its annual work in Camp Dix, New Jersey, on August 2nd, and the next day I received a letter from my father. That night I saw my own Dad for the first time since I was a baby—also my stepmother. Dad is a fine man, a big six-footer: retires from the Customs Service in two years, as he is now sixty-eight.

The following Friday evening Dad staged a surprise party and had three of my brothers and three of my sisters in to see me. There was no doubt in our minds that we were kin, as I looked like my brothers, and my Dad looked like a real father to me. As he told his story, it checked with what I had learned before, and with the promises made to me in my patriarchal blessing.

Dad also had the male line of our genealogy back to Anthony Jansen Van Salee (born or died 1540?), known as the Turk or Pirate. There are many dates missing, but he likes the work, and intends using it as a hobby when he retires. Dad says he doesn't know much about "Mormons," but he knows *one* he *likes*!

I never expected to find such a large and good family, but it always was clear to me that I would know their history. My faith was slow in becoming a vital factor in my life, but from the day that President Castle H. Murphy told me I would find out all about my people, I have never doubted. I'm one of the simple souls: what my Priesthood leaders tell me, I believe.

NOTTINGHAM DISTRICT CONFERENCE

THE inclemency of the weather did not prevent the members of the Nottingham District from travelling many miles by train and coach to attend the semi-annual conference held in the Co-operative Hall, Hucknall, Nottinghamshire. Facing a veritable blizzard unparalleled in the last fifty years of English weather, they came to the first session and stayed throughout the day. Many stories were later told by the members of how the Lord preserved them during their dangerous journeys to and from the conference.

After the preliminary Sunday School exercises, which included the administration and passing of the sacrament, the congregation separated, the Priesthood under the direction of President James H. Douglas, and the Relief Society under the direction of Sister Rintla Pratt Douglas. The Branch presidents and the Relief Society presidents gave reports covering the last six months' activities of their respective branches. President James H. Douglas and Bishop James H. Wallis commented favourably upon the reports given, and imparted valuable instruction to the Priesthood. Seven ordinations took place, one local member being set apart as a special missionary.

In the second session the General Authorities and the officers of the European and British Missions were presented and sustained. The District President's report was given by H. Randell Walker. He stated that out of the 662 meetings held in the last six months, about 400 were under the direction of the local Priesthood; that they had 92 Gospel conversations and 323 appointments, such as speaking to members and friends. They have spent 29 hours in

distributing 1,163 tracts. The travelling missionaries accomplished the following work: 1,274 hours tracting, distributing 33,147 tracts, and leaving in the homes of the interested people 1,055 pamphlets, 40 copies of the Book of Mormon, and 48 other Church books. The branch presidents were the speakers of the afternoon; W. Burke Jones spoke on the "Auxiliary Work," George E. Gent on the "Apostasy," George W. Winfield on the "Restoration," and Charles W. Orton on the "First Principles." Appropriate musical numbers were rendered between the talks, by different branch choirs.

The third session was occupied by the visiting Authorities. Sister Rintha Pratt Douglas told of the sacrifices of the missionaries and denounced false accusations against the Church. Bishop James H. Wallis delivered an inspirational sermon on the evils of gossiping and stressed the Word of Wisdom and its benefits. President James H. Douglas' talk was devoted to the Centennial Anniversary of the Word of Wisdom.

The conference was directed by President James H. Douglas of the British Mission, the auxiliary meetings and their activities by Sister Rintha Pratt Douglas, consulting supervisor of auxiliary activities and President of the Relief Society of the British Mission. There were in attendance also, Patriarch James H. Wallis of the European Mission Office; President H. Randell Walker, Elders W. Burke Jones, Frank R. Bennett, Douglas R. Clawson, T. Taylor Cannon and Edward A. Wright (local missionary) of the Nottingham District; Elder Kenneth M. Wheelright of the Bristol District.

W. BURKE JONES, Clerk of Conference.

FROM THE MISSION FIELD

Appointments: February 15th, Elder Vern R. Butcher was transferred from the Newcastle to the Norwich District and appointed president of that district. Elder T. Taylor Cannon was transferred from the Welsh to the Nottingham District, where he was appointed district president. On February 28th, Elder John B. Staggs was transferred from the Leeds District to the British Mission Office and appointed Recording Secretary to Patriarch James H. Wallis.

Transfers: Elder Glen F. Oliver was transferred from the Portsmouth to the Newcastle District, February 15th. Elder Eric J. Seach was released as the president of the Norwich District February 28th, and transferred to the London District. On the same date Elder Emerson Lindsay was transferred from the Leeds to the Scottish District.

Doings in the Districts: *Birmingham:* Nearly one hundred saints and friends enjoyed themselves at the Annual Gold and Green Ball of the Birmingham District, held Saturday, February 18th. A local dance hall and orchestra were engaged for the affair, and special musical numbers were rendered by Sister Muriel Hunter and Mr. Russell.

Nottingham—Six children were baptized by Elders Douglas R. Clawson and Frank R. Bennett at a baptismal held February 18th, in the Arnold Baths.

Mansfield Branch Relief Society sponsored a "Jumble Sale" February 11th, which was instrumental in bringing out several investigators.

New song books for the Leicester Branch were paid for by funds raised at a social, February 11th. Delicious refreshments at moderate prices completed the successful affair.

GOD'S VOICE IN THE WIND

I STAND on hill at early morn,
A cool wind blows so fresh and free,
I lift my arms, and face the dawn,
And strength, much needed, flows to me.

I am alone—yet not alone—
For I the voice of God do hear;
Long since a bird near by has flown,
And unto some the place seems drear.

Yet on my hill I love to stand,
And feel the wind fresh in my hair,
In everything I see God's hand,
Which gives to me a courage rare.

God's voice to me is plainly heard
As if to say, "Be firm and true."
I gladly listen to His word,
Although His form is hid from view.

The wind begins to blow and shriek,
Still here I stand and listen on;
And oh! the things I hear God speak,
Until at last His voice is gone.

Gone is the wind, as if to sleep,
Leaving me so happy and free;
And all the struggle and joy I reap,
Will last throughout eternity.

CATHERINE L. M. HORNER, London District

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